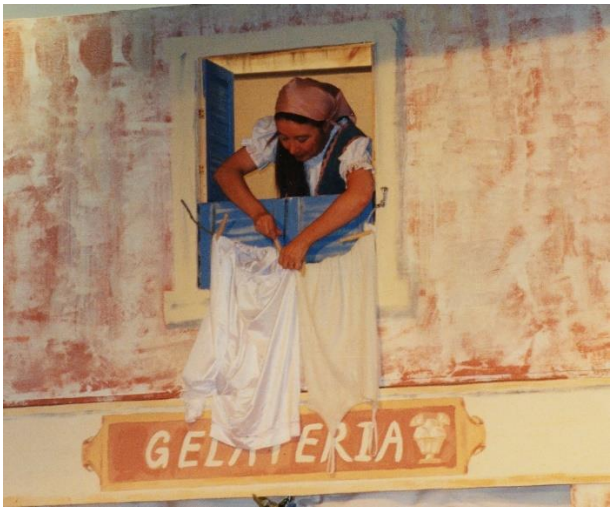


For the merriest fellows are we

Per chi questi fiori?

I've no preference whatever

Fate in this has put his finger

But I can imitate a farmyard

Some doubt as to His Majesty's whereabouts

And now our lives are going to begin in real earnest

Then away we go to an island fair

Of happiness the very pith

The gratifying feeling that our duty has been done

Take my counsel, happy man

Dance a cachucha

In a contemplative fashion …

… and a tranquil frame of mind

… he was applied for over and over again

Half of myself has married one third of ye or you

Now let the loyal lieges gather round

My own small boy I deftly substituted

Then hail, O King

And now some backstage observations from Kate McFarlane

UNFORTUNATELY, A STRAY CAT WANDERS ON STAGE AND SENDS THE HAIRPIECES INTO A FRENZY ....

RICHARD AND DAVID GO TO THE BAR TO 'FORTIFY THEIR NERVES' AT HALF-TIME....

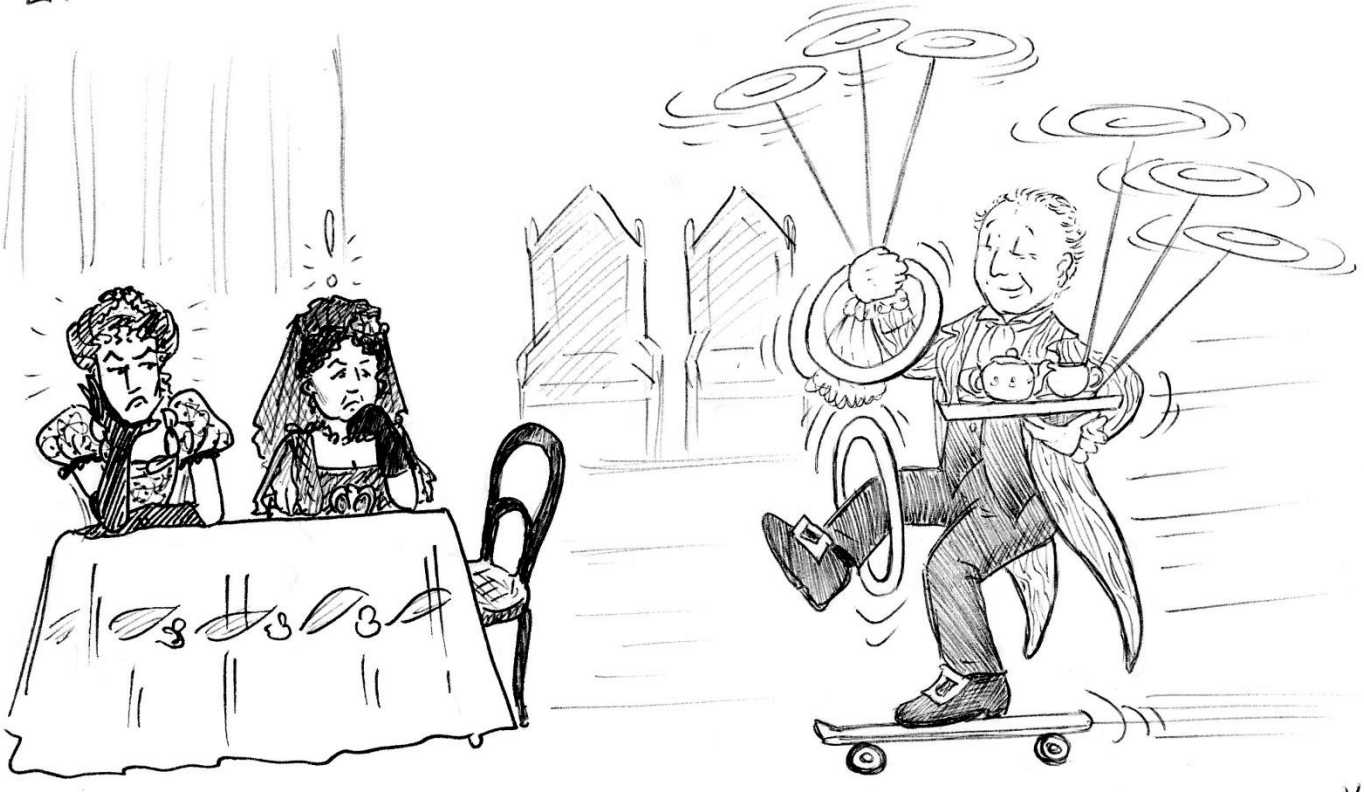
"THE CONTADINE CHORUS DANCE THE CACHUCA IN THEIR OWN INIMITABLE FASHION"

"QUIET, CALM CONTEMPLATION... CHRISTINE?... CHRISTINE!"

"The Most Stirring Performance Ever Given..."

KM

GRATIFIED BY RAVE REVIEWS, ROLY IS EMBOLDENED TO IMPROVE UPON HIS PERFORMANCE....



KM

And finally, a word for our set construction team

"ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY, BUT SIMON'S GOING FOR THE RECORD WITH VENICE----"

KA.